And bubling from her breſt, it doth deuide
In two ſlow riuers, that the crimſon bloud
Circles her bodie in on euerie ſide,
VVho like a late ſack't Iland vaſtlie ſtood
Bare and vnpeopled, in this fearfull flood.
Some of her bloud ſtill pure and red remain'd,
And ſom look'd black, & that falſe TARQVIN ſtain'd.

About the mourning and congealed face
Of that blacke bloud, a watrie rigoll goes,
VVhich ſeemes to weep vpon the tainted place,
And euer ſince as pittying LVCRECE woes,
Corrupted bloud, ſome waterie token ſhowes,
And bloud vntainted, ſtill doth red abide,
Bluſhing at that which is ſo putrified.

Daughter, deare daughter, old LVCRETIVS cries,
That life was mine which thou haſt here depriued,
If in the childe the fathers image lies,
VVhere ſhall I liue now LVCRECE is vnliued?
Thou waſt not to this end from me deriued.
If children prædeceaſe progenitours,
VVe are their offſpring and they none of ours.

Poore

Poore broken glaſſe, I often did behold
In thy ſweet ſemblance, my old age new b
But now that faire freſh mirror dim and ol
Shewes me a bare bon'd death by time ou
O from thy cheekes my image thou haſt t
And ſhiuerd all the beautie of my glaſſ
That I no more can ſee what once I was

O time ceaſe thou thy courſe and laſt no l
If they ſurceaſe to be that ſhould ſuruiue:
Shall rotten death make conqueſt of the ſ
And leaue the foultring feeble ſoules aliu
The old Bees die, the young poſſeſſe thei
Then liue ſweet LVCRECE, liue again
Thy father die, and not thy father thee

By this ſtarts COLATINE as from a drea
And bids LVCRECIVS giue his ſorrow p
And than in key-cold LVCRECE bleedin
He fals, and bathes the pale feare in his fa
And counterfaits to die with her a ſpace.
Till manly ſhame bids him poſſeſſe his
And liue to be reuenged on her death.